

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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By L. M. Thiers

"Among the changing months,
May stands confessed
The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed."

The Last Payment.

BY CAROLINE HYDE DREHER.

JO MARSH, usually so generous, gentle-mannered, and lovable, always so hot-headed and impetuous, was nearing seventeen, the age when the brain of a boy of his temperament can easily become a storm center. That a storm was raging was apparent to all who were watching Jo's flushed face, set mouth, and eyes flashing fire, while he gathered up his books and walked defiantly out of the schoolroom. All knew that Jo was "boiling over."

Outside the high school building, Jo turned intuitively toward the Y.M.C.A., which had become a sort of second home to him. For seven years his mother had been giving every minute that she could possibly spare to "Turkey Leagues," "Strawberry Leagues," and various other "Leagues" in the Y.M.C.A., so that Jo had almost grown up there.

Always followed by the watchful care of his mother and his good friends of the Y.M.C.A., Jo had come nearly to the end of the last year in high school. It had not al-

ways been easy sailing, for Jo had had all the ups and downs of the average boy, with many extras for good measures. "Don't you mind, mother," had become too much Jo's philosophy of life. It was difficult to "mind" when Jo's gentle voice and laughing eyes gave the advice. But Jo's teacher, however she may have felt about it, knew that, no matter how appealing a boy's eyes may be, or how unquestionable his talents, a sketch of a railroad train or a wreck will not take the place of a spelling lesson, nor the wheel of a locomotive, even though very well drawn, answer for busy work in English or arithmetic.

It was constantly the same old story, only growing worse since two older boys who were friends of Jo's were already drawing good salaries and giving highly colored accounts of life on the road. Now the final stroke seemed to have come, and "the great day" toward which Jo and his mother had been looking and working through all these years appeared to be blotted out.

After leaving his classroom, Jo walked rapidly for two or three blocks. Entering the Y.M.C.A., he paused at the door to make

a deliberate survey of the room, then hastened across to a rear corner where Jack Benton, the boys' director and Jo's special idol, was reading the morning paper. Jo threw his books on the table and startled the secretary by announcing, "Well, I'm done with it."

"Why, Jo Marsh! What are you doing here at this time of day? Done with what, young man?"

"That old high school."

"What's gone wrong with the world in general and the high school in particular, Jo?" asked the secretary, with that winning smile the boys all knew so well.

Jo seemed to tingle with the thrill of the man's magnetic personality. Deep down in his heart he knew that no other man ever had such a voice, or such eyes, or such a smile, or such capacity for setting the world right again if everything else in it should go wrong.

"Everything's the matter—everything's gone wrong," he answered in surly tones.

"Come, my boy, let's get this thing straightened out as quickly as possible, so you can get back to school without any more waste of time."

"Oh, I couldn't think of going back to school, Mr. Benton. No fellow with any manhood could go back after what has happened."

"What's the trouble, Jo?"

"Oh—she has no more understanding of a boy than—a cow has of green cheese. I never thought of doing anything wrong—or hurting her old feelings. The whole thing was a mistake. Everybody was in it—except me—and I had to be made the scapegoat for the whole crowd. Well, I guess my shoulders are broad enough to carry it for them all. I'll show them I'm man enough to make my own train whistle, and bring me big money, too."

"Jo, my boy, have some mercy on a fellow. Don't knock him over with astonishment on a railroad track, and then run a whole train over him before he can get up. Tell me all about this thing, man, so I can understand it. I can't make heads or tails out of what you are saying."

"Well, Mr. Benton, here's the whole thing. Miss Green left the room a few minutes. The boys and girls all talked and laughed, threw chalk, aped Charlie Chaplin, and did all the other silly stuff you feel called on to do when the teacher leaves the room. I don't say that I was any too good to do it, but anyway I hadn't this time. I was too busy with this." Jo threw a sheet of paper on the table before Mr. Benton. It showed a picture made with comparatively few strokes, of a railroad train leaving a village station; there was the usual crowd of loafers; one man was pulling up the steps, while another was making desperate efforts to catch the departing train. The perspective, the motion, the life depicted, showed unmistakable genius. "Just as Miss Green came back, and called for order, one boy said, 'Fine, Jo!' and I said, 'Thank you,' to him. She heard me, and seemed to think that I was saying it to her. Another boy had seen my sketch and was saying, 'Choo! Choo! Choo-choo!' She gave me credit for that, too, and told me to leave the room. Later she was coming out in the hall to speak to me, and couldn't get the door open. The old bolt has a way of sticking, and I don't see why she should have thought that I was holding it, but she did. She was *some* furious by the time she was able to speak to me. Told me to go home at once; then she added that I could come back after school and see the principal—and her own highness! She may just think Pershing has surrendered when she sees me coming back."

"Only a few weeks till Commencement, I believe, Jo?"

"Five from next Friday."

"Have it counted to the minute, I suppose?"

"Oh, everybody has."

"What are your plans, Jo?"

"I'm sure that I can get a place on the road."

"Have to begin pretty low down and work up, don't you?"

"Yes, but I can do that."

"And after you've done the drudgery, and got nearly to the top, if something happens that you don't altogether like, I guess you'll throw up the job, and give up that cherished idea of being a conductor?"

"Not on your life, man!" Jo answered quickly. His face flushed and he looked questioningly at the secretary. "I think that I could hold a job, Mr. Benton," he added in an aggrieved voice.

"Oh, no doubt, Jo. Your mother has been working nobly to pay off the mortgage on the home place, hasn't she, Jo?"

"Yes—entirely too hard," answered Jo, perplexed, and eyeing Mr. Benton curiously. "She's been working too hard, and denying herself too much, but the place will soon be ours now, thank goodness!"

"Provided there is no misunderstanding, and mother doesn't get her feelings ruffled, and refuse to make the last payment."

"Why—Mr. Benton, you don't think that mother is crazy? Anybody knows she'd forfeit all claims to the place if she did such a foolish thing."

"Exactly. She would forfeit the papers that will acknowledge her ownership of the place."

"Be assured that mother will never let a thing like that happen."

"I know that, Jo. Your mother is too sensible a woman to allow anything to impair her title to the home for which she has been working so faithfully all these years. I wish that I had the same assurance that her son has as much appreciation for the title for which he has been working nearly twelve years."

"What do you mean, Mr. Benton?"

"Why, this, Jo. The diploma for which you have been working is acknowledged by all the world as your title to an education. But you are about to refuse to make the last payment, and by so doing forfeit what money can never buy. All the wealth of a Rockefeller or J. P. Morgan cannot buy a seat on that high-school platform on graduation night—cannot buy that little piece of 'sheepskin' which you and mother have been working for all these years. Yet, because of a complication of mistakes, which at another time would be ludicrous, you are willing to toss it aside like a worthless scrap of paper. You were to be valedictorian, were you not, Jo?"

"Yes." Jo gulped down something that seemed to be choking him.

"Who do you suppose will be chosen in your place?"

Jo turned away to the window.

"Mother couldn't help 'minding' that, could she?" The secretary's voice was coaxing in its tenderness.

"She'll not need to. The fellow who gets that place will have to walk over my dead body. Thank you, Mr. Benton. School is just about dismissing. I must get back."

"Three cheers, Jo! Anybody could stay out, but it takes real manhood to go back."

A moment more and Mr. Benton was alone, rubbing a hand that still ached from Jo's appreciation.

The Little Flower that was a Missionary.

BY EUGENIE DU MAURIER.

ONCE upon a time, more than a hundred years ago, a little flower grew in a prison. It was in France. No one knows how this little flower came to be there. Perhaps God planted it there to be what it was—a little friend and missionary to a lonely man.

Napoleon was the Emperor of France at that time. He had a great many enemies. He had a great many friends, too. But he had a way of putting many people into prison when they were not pleased with the way he did things. And he often forgot all about them and left them there to suffer and sometimes to die.

"Charney" was the name of one of the men he put into prison. Charney was a

great soldier and a wise scholar, but he did not believe in God. He thought God had forgotten all about him; so he tried to forget all about God. When things go wrong with some people they very often think God has forgotten them.

Once Charney wrote on the wall of his prison-cell these words: "All things come by chance." You see he did not believe that there was any kind Heavenly Father to care for him. He thought everything just happened.

One day when Charney was walking up and down his cell he was attracted by a tiny little green blade that had come through the hard ground near the wall of his cell. It was trying to creep into the light. Charney became very much interested in it. It was the only living thing in his cell. So he began to care for it and watered it. By and by, as the little green blade grew larger, it became Charney's little friend and teacher. He talked to it. He wondered how it could be formed so beautifully. He knew flowers needed fresh air and sunshine to make them grow fast and beautiful. And so Charney soon began to think that God had not forgotten him in his prison-cell all alone, and had sent him the little flower to tell him so. After a while the real flower came pushing out among the little green blades. It was white and purple and rose-colored with a lovely white fringe. Charney knew the meaning of colors: white was for purity; purple for suffering; and pink was for love and peace. And so he began to think and wonder what it all could mean. Soon loving thoughts came into his heart about God. So he rubbed from the wall the words he had written, and wrote there: "He who made all things is God." And he was much happier after that. And he began to think that if God could care for the little trusting flower in his prison-cell, and make it so very beautiful to comfort him (Charney), He was caring for him all the time. And he decided God had sent the little flower to tell him so. He told himself the little flower was teaching him by means of its beautiful innocence and colorings that he was to become *purified through suffering*, and when he learned the *love of God for him* he would sometime go out again into the *sunlight of God's forgiveness* and be freed from that prison-cell.

There was another prisoner in that great prison who had a dear little daughter who came often to see him. The little girl became acquainted with Charney. Each day when she came to see her father, she visited also the little flower and its friend. And she saw how kind he was to it and how he loved it. And Charney told her the message of the colors. The little girl told the wife of the jailer about the flower. And soon the story of Charney's flower was told from one to another.

At last the Emperor's wife heard of it. She was one of the most beautiful women in all *la belle France* at the time. Her name was Josephine. When she heard about the flower she declared that the man who could so love a little flower could not be a bad man. And she persuaded Napoleon, the Emperor, to give Charney his liberty. And Charney carried the flower with him and planted it in his very own garden. It was his little teacher-friend. It had taught him to love and trust God. And it had brought him his freedom.

Charney never forgot the great truths the plant had taught him. Love and trust and faith became part of his life; and through his story the flower becomes a missionary to all the world.

"Chi-ca-a-go."

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

"YOU will spoil that gander, Tom," laughed John Slocum, addressing his grandson, a boy of fifteen years, who was stroking the back of a big gander. "He is the leader of the flock, but it won't be long before the rest of the geese and ganders will lose all respect for him."

"Chi-ca-a-go!" called Tom, arising. "Chi-ca-a-go!"

"Chi-ca-a-go!" answered the gander, its raucous cry sounding very much like the name of that famous city of the Middle West.

"See, grandfather, he knows his name," said Tom. "He will answer me every time I call him."

"Well, see that you pattern after him, young man," said Mr. Slocum. "It is a virtue one may well cultivate."

Tom Slocum had come down to his grandfather's farm to spend his summer vacation. Incidentally he had hoped to earn considerable money picking berries, the same to go toward defraying a year's course at the academy. As a matter of fact, the berries were very scarce that season, and now that it was nearly time for him to return to the city, ten dollars was the sum total that he had earned in the berry pastures.

The Slocum farm was located on Neck Creek, a small branch of Douglas River. Among other assets of the Slocum farm were upward of five hundred geese. The geese had free access to the creek and it was not strange, such being the case, that they thrived. The facts of the case were that Mr. Slocum made a considerable sum of money raising them each year.

A mile distant from the Slocum farm lived Timothy Harris. He too raised a considerable number of geese each year. His farm was located on Castle Creek, another branch of Douglas River. Both Slocum and Harris belonged to the local grange. It was not strange that they frequently conferred on the common subject which interested them.

"Where in the world are the geese, Tom?" questioned Mr. Slocum, the day following his remarks concerning the gander which Tom was stroking. "They are not in sight on the creek and I am sure they are not anywhere on the farm."

"You don't suppose they have worked their way down to the river?" suggested Tom.

"That is what is worrying me," replied his grandfather. "If they should ever make the turn and get into Castle Creek they would undoubtedly get in with Harris's flock. If they did, there would be no such thing as separating them. Suppose we take the boat and go hunt them up, Tom."

The tide was beginning to make in the creek when Mr. Slocum and Tom pushed

off in the dory, and it proved a slow trip down stream to the river.

"This is getting serious, Tom," remarked his grandfather, shortly. "They are nowhere in sight."

"Why, there comes Mr. Harris now!" exclaimed Tom, pointing to a dory which was rounding a bend in the creek.

"That settles it!" cried Mr. Slocum. "They have got together and he is on his way to notify me."

"John, how many geese have you got?" demanded Mr. Harris a few moments later.

"Haven't got any just now," replied Mr. Slocum.

"Well, I have got four or five hundred more than belong to me," said Mr. Harris. "The question is, how are we going to tell your geese from mine?"

"How many are there in your flock, Tim?"

"I don't know. Never counted them."

"You ought to know."

"How many are there in your flock, John?"



HOMEWARD BOUND.

"Blamed if I know."

"Seems to me you ought to know," said Mr. Harris, grinning.

"I guess it will take a wiser man than Solomon to separate them," remarked Mr. Slocum, soberly.

"It has certainly got me guessing," affirmed Mr. Harris.

The two flocks of geese were well mixed up when Tom and his grandfather reached the Harris farm. The ganders were fighting and the ground was plentifully strewn with feathers.

"If you could only pick out your leader, we might do something," said Mr. Harris, looking ruefully at the angry birds. "As it is, I guess they will fight until they kill each other."

"I think I can find him," remarked Tom.

"If you do, Tom, I will give you a hundred dollars," replied his grandfather.

"Chi-ca-a-go!"

It was Tom's clear voice sounding high and clear above the noisy honking of the hundreds of angry geese.

"Chi-ca-a-go! Chi-ca-a-go!"

Out from the very center of the big flock, breaking away from a big gander, waddled a similar bird. His feathers were

sadly ruffled, and not a few looked as though they were half pulled out.

"Chi-ca-a-go!" called Tom.

"Chi-ca-a-go!" answered the gander, making his way to Tom.

"You have located him all right, Tom," laughed Mr. Slocum. "You lead him down to the creek and see what happens."

"Chi-ca-a-go!" called Tom, doing as he was bidden.

The answer was sharp and imperative—an indescribable cry from the gander.

Remarkable indeed was its immediate effect upon the struggling mass of geese. The fighting ceased at once and several hundred of them broke away from their opponents and waddled down toward the shore.

"You have got your geese all right," said Mr. Harris. "Keep them moving toward home and you will be all right."

"Tom, I will take back what I said about your spoiling the gander," remarked Mr. Slocum as they got into the dory and slowly rowed down the creek, followed by "Chi-ca-a-go." "Evidently the flock respects him just as much as ever."

It was a long, tiresome trip back to the farm, compelled as they were to crawl along to accommodate the moderate paddling of their feathered followers, but at last they got there, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Slocum.

The ensuing day Mr. Slocum went to town and drew one hundred dollars from the bank, and when he reached home presented it to Tom.

"There is the money, Tom," said his grandfather. "It was well earned, and I am glad that you will be able to fix things up at the academy. History tells us that Geese saved Rome. In this instance it seems that a gander saved the day for you."

My Mother's Day.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

ON Mother's Day in the morning,
I know what I will do;
I'll be as loving as can be,
So she'll be glad that she has me!
And then I'll help her, too.

On Mother's Day in the evening,
I know what I will say;
I'll tell her she's as dear and sweet
As the fair May blossoms at her feet—
That's how I'll keep Her Day.

An Inspired Definition.

A teacher was reading to her class, when she came to the word "unaware." She asked if any one knew the meaning. One little girl timidly raised her hand and offered the following definition:

"It's what you put on first and take off last."

Reedy's Mirror.



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103 PINCKNEY STREET,
BOSTON, MASS

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the King's Chapel Sunday school on Chestnut Street. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Stearn and my father is the Associate Minister of King's Chapel. He is now in Coblenz with the Army of Occupation, doing Y. M. C. A. work.

I am eleven years old and like *The Beacon* very much. I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
ALICE SNOW.

282 McDONOUGH STREET,
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have read *The Beacon* for about eight years, or ever since I can remember. I would like to belong to your club.

I used to go to the Unitarian church in Deerfield, but now I go to the one on Gates Avenue and Irving Place. Our minister is Rev. Dr. J. A. Kyle.

I belong to the Girl Scouts and we go hiking every other Saturday. Yesterday we went to the Museum on Eastern Parkway.

We heard a lecture on "Pegasus, or the Flying Horse."

We then saw all the exhibits and after having our Scout paper read we went to the Botanical Gardens which are near by.

On our way home we refreshed ourselves at our Scoutmaster's house. Mrs. F. A. Sawyer, our Scout Captain, is a Quaker. She is very

nice. We then came home and made plans for the wonderful parades.

I am in I-B High School and am fourteen years old.

We are studying the Work of the Apostles in our Sunday school class.

Sincerely yours,
ELLEN S. WRIGHT.

BELFAST, ME

Dear Miss Buck,—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. I go to the First Unitarian Church. Our minister is Rev. A. E. Wilson and our teacher is Mrs. Wilson. I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club. Mrs. Wilson has a Blue Bird Club and I belong to that. We have about 42 members. I am nine years old and am in the Fifth Grade. I do the puzzles in every paper. I am sending some Twisted Names of Girls. I read all the poems and letters and every story. I like the one that was in to-day's paper. The name of it was "The Lighthouse in the Duck Pond."

I am going to Sunday school every Sunday in all weather. It rained to-day but I went.

Your loving friend,
ELENA B. SHUTE.

Other new members of our Club are James Pivie Jack, Dundee, Scotland; Ethel Cory and Gerda Helseth, Rutherford, N.J. In Massachusetts: Frederick Shaw, Concord; Eunice D. Barclay, Dorchester; Frances and Betty Bradbury, Hingham Center; Evelyn Patterson, Lawrence; Frances Adams and Marguerite Neville, North Andover; Willard S. Kendall, Waverley; Elizabeth and William Carver, Westford.

Sharing Mother.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have all seen the beautiful poster called "The Greatest Mother in the World." The figure of the woman suggests both strength and tenderness. She is holding a wounded soldier in her arms, and she represents the Red Cross organization that takes care of the wounded, the injured, the starving and helpless people in every part of the world, so far as it can.

Just what mothers do for their children is done by the people who are Red Cross workers.

A girl came home from school one afternoon and asked at once, as most children do, "Where's mother?" "She is helping at the Red Cross rooms" was the reply. "I want mother here when I get home!" she said, rather impatiently. Mother was there, most days. She gave herself in unstinted service to her children. But she knew what her little daughter had yet to learn, that she could not do her whole duty by her own boys and girls unless she did something for the suffering and the needy outside her home.

When you wear a flower on this Mother's Day, and thank God for the mother you love so well, you may be thankful, too, that you may share her now and then with other children less fortunate than yourselves, with men and women who need the help and comfort that mother gives to you in overflowing measure.

My Mother.

WE sit in one big chair—for mother's little,

And rock and talk all in the firelight's glow;
She pats my hand—perhaps you think it's funny—

It's somehow easier to visit so.

She loves to read the very books that I do,
That tell of Lancelot, and all the rest;
She thinks that Charlemagne was such a hero,
But maybe Bayard, bravest knight, was best.

She knows about the school, and what I study,
She likes the boys, remembers weaknesses, too.

I tell her everything that I am doing—
Why—bedtime comes before we're nearly through!

She's glad that I'm a boy, and growing taller;
She isn't sorry that my hair does curl.
My mother is not like a grown-up lady:
I'm sure she always seems just like a girl!

The Boy's World.

The Secret.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

"NOW don't you tell a single word—

"Twould never, never do!

I've told you how it all occurred.

And every bit is true."

Now must we blame that little bird?

For soon—the whole town knew!

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXIV.

I am composed of 15 letters, and my *whole* is something that took place in April.

My 1, 2, 13, 4, is to carry water in.

My 5, 6, 2, 12, is a position.

My 9, 8, 14, is a color.

My 7, 10, 13, 4, is a covering for the face.

My 3, 11, 15, is to do something with a tool.

ROBERT F. WILKINSON.

ENIGMA LXV.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 3, 2, 6, 5, is not far off.

My 9, 4, 11, 12, is a salutation for a friendly letter.

My 6, 13, 9, is what you learn to do first in arithmetic.

My 3, 8, 10, is the opposite of old.

My 14, 2, 10, is to use a needle and thread.

My 4, 3, 13, is not the beginning.

My *whole* is a noted army officer.

RUTH HOLDER.

FLOWER ACROSTICS.

(When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the first letters of these words will spell the names of flowers.)

I.

A flower.

Part of a church.

A man's name.

A pleasant odor.

A sail-boat.

II.

A flower.

A color.

A fruit.

Solitary.

A Christian festival.

A vegetable.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

TWISTED BIBLE NAMES.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Leinad. | 6. Tpree. |
| 2. Valdd. | 7. Therazan. |
| 3. Ejslaermu. | 8. Amyr. |
| 4. Thebhemel. | 9. Lebithzae. |
| 5. Ritakz. | 10. Maarhab. |

NELLIE WELLS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 30.

ENIGMA LX.—Pearl.

ENIGMA LXI.—England and Scotland.

TWISTED NAMES OF GIRLS.—1. Doris. 2. Elfrida. 3. Evelyn. 4. Thelma. 5. Ernestine. 6. Clara. 7. Helen. 8. Frances. 9. Virginia. 10. Alma.

WORD SQUARE.—V E S T A
E X C E L
S C E N E
T E N O R
A L E R T

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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